

The Historie of

Fals. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day: what neede I bee so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, tis no matter, honor prickes me on: yea, but how if honor pricke me off when I come on? how then? can honor set to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in surgery then? no: What is honour? a word: why is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that dyed a Wednesday: doth he feelee it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one.

It is not possible: it cannot be,
The king should keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in other faultes,
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherish't and lock't vp,
Will haue a wild trick of his ancestors:
Looke how we can, or sad or merrily;
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotspur governed by a spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

Henrie the

We as the spring of all, shall p
Therefore good coosen, let no
In any case the offer of the kin
Ve. Deliuier what you wil, ile f
Hot. My vnckle is return'd.
Deliuier vp my Lord of West
Vnckle, what newes.

Wor. The King will bid yo

Doug. Defie him by the Lo

Hot. Lord Douglas, go yo

Doug. Marry and shall, and

Wor. There is no seeming r

Hot. Did you beg any? Go

Wor. I told him gently of

Of his oath-breaking, which h
By now forswearing that he is
He calls vs rebels, traitors, and
With hawtie armes, this hatefu

Doug. Arme, gentlemen, to
A braue defiance in king Hen
And Westmerland that was in
Which cannot chuse but bring

Wor. The Prince of Wales
And, nephew, challeng'd you t

Hot. O, would the quarrell
And that no man might draw
But I and Harry Monmouth: t
How shewd his talking? seeme

Ver. No, by my soule, I ne
Did heare a challenge vrg'd me
Vnlesse a brother should a bro
To gentle exercise and prooffe
He gaue you all the duties of a
Trim'd vp your prayeses with a
Spoke your desertings like a C
Making you euer better then h
By still dispraising praise, value
And which became him like a